

The Haunting - Prologue

by Sherry

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Summary: This is my shortest chapter - more on the way... Harry discovers a mysterious gift in the mail, and is haunted...

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- me with a little help from Taylor

A/N - Sherry : Sorry, Margaret Mahy, for copying your title. Taylor and I are co-writing this. Personally I think I need him this time, because I want something more delicate than my usual in this story. Please don't kill me! And I know, I know, I love Christmas. I was just listening to clips of 'Snowed In'.

A/N - Taylor : I wanted to ask something - do you guys want Harry/Hermione or Ron/Hermione in this story? I feel like I want to try H/H - but I still like R/H so much better - please post in your review, and tell me. I warn you, your opinion may have no difference in what I write - I just want to see what you guys think! It may count, it may not. ::ducks::

Disclaimer : Nothing that you recognise belongs to me, etc. etc.
Bye...

'What's in the envelope?' Ron asked curiously, gazing down at the envelope Harry held in his hand. Hedwig had delivered it to him earlier, and now they sat in the common-room by the fire, talking and playing cards with the others who were left at Hogwarts during the holidays. 'Come on, open it, Harry.'

Harry slit it open carefully and withdrew a silver ring. A strong slender band of silver, gleaming strangely in the firelight. There was nothing engraved on it; it was a plain, simple silver ring. There

was no note, no letter. Ron laughed half-derisively as Harry slipped it onto his finger.

'Harry, who sent you that?' he asked, peering at it. 'It looks like you've got a secret admirer.'

'What?' Hermione asked, coming over to look at them. 'Harry's got an admirer? Oh, do tell - who is it?'

'I don't think it's that,' Harry said, his ears going red. He showed her the ring. 'Someone sent me this,' he said. 'It's a ring. There was no letter.'

'Dursleys?' Ron suggested.

'No, they wouldn't spend that much money on me,' Harry said. 'I'll just leave it on, and see what happens.'

'Are you sure it's not cursed?' Hermione began, but Ron started to laugh, and she kept quiet.

Late that night, Harry couldn't sleep. The silver band had nothing to do with it, he thought to himself; it felt very light on his finger. He groaned and turned over on his side. It was very dark; he drew one of the curtains round his bed, but there was no difference except that Ron's snore got louder.

From the unfathomable darkness at the foot of his bed there came a slight noise. A sound like a sob.

Harry sat up straight in bed, his ears straining to hear it. There it was again. A child, crying.

And suddenly from the darkness he heard a voice calling his name:

'Harry... Harry...'

End
file.